

# UNION FLAG.

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## THE UNION FLAG.

JONESBOROUGH, TENN.:  
Friday, Oct. 6, 1865.

G. E. GRISHAM,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Union Flag will be published every Friday Morning, on the following terms:  
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## THRILLING ADVENTURES

**Lieut. George W. Douglass,**  
OF THE EIGHTH EAST TENNESSEE INFANTRY:  
THE RENOWNED UNION SCOUT AND PILOT.  
Embracing a period of three years—Detailing his Adventures among the Rebel Guerrillas in the Mountains of East Tennessee, North Carolina, Western Va. and Kentucky.

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### CHAPTER XI.

My exertions and hardships made it necessary for me to rest for a season, which I did, spending my time pleasantly among my Union friends and comrades in Kentucky.

On the first day of January, 1862, I was ordered by Major Spears, in company with Jas. Orton, and one other man, to proceed to Big Stone Gap, in the Cumberland Mountains, and if possible learn the strength of the rebel force at that place. This point is situated about forty miles south-east of Cumberland Gap, on the line between Kentucky and Virginia.

About the 15th of the month, we arrived at the house of a man by the name of Coldiron, residing in Laurel County. He was a good Union man, and a warm friend. Tired and weak from a long and arduous journey, after partaking of a refreshing repast, we retired to bed, to secure the rest we so much needed. We had scarcely went to sleep when we were aroused, and found our bed surrounded by a haggard and ragged set of men, armed with shot-guns, whom we immediately comprehended as rebel soldiers. To resist, was simply absurd, and of course, we were made prisoners. We as little expected to see the rebels there—so far from their base of operations—as so many Chinamen—but made up our minds to make the best of our condition. They made us march all night, and just before day-break we reached Clear Fork. We were then placed under a guard of only one man, while the rest of the squad went in search of rations. The guard was pacing up and down before us, balancing his gun on his shoulder as careless as if he was guarding so many sheep. It was evident he was not very well acquainted with the character of his prisoners, or he would have watched us with an argus eye. It was quite dark, and we had a low conversation among ourselves—perfectly agreeable and perfectly unanimous in regard to the subject. Presently I stepped up to the guard, when he had his back turned upon us, and taking his gun from his hands, told him he was my prisoner. He looked amazed, of course, but seeing my other two friends at my side, said nothing. I told him if he made any noise, he was a dead man, after which, you may depend he was as quiet as one could be under such circumstances. In the quickest possible time, one of my friends—Orton, I think—took off one of his suspenders, and in another moment we had the guard's hands locked round a sapling, and securely bound; then breaking his gun to pieces over a rock, (for we knew we could not escape with it safely,) we struck out through the gray mist for parts not so well known to the rebels as to ourselves—leaving our guard to the mercy of his comrades.

We reached Pine Mountain in safety, and there, secreting ourselves, took the rest which we had been so unceremoniously robbed of the night previous. There is no telling what human nature can undergo when life is at stake. There are but few who can realize it without learning the lessons experience teaches. So it was with my two friends. They little thought they could stand up to the heavy marches which the rebels subjected us to, after travelling the long weary miles we did the day previous—and then after effecting our escape to go twenty miles or more farther into a rugged mountain country.

When night came, we resumed our journey. We had started out on a mission which we were determined to execute or perish in the attempt. Of course, we were liable at any time to run into danger—but like the eagle, we sought the highest points, from which we could see what was going on in the valleys around. In this manner we frequently steered clear of imminent peril, and baffled those of our enemies who thought they had us in their grasp.

On the morning of the 17th, we came in sight of the enemy's pickets—five in number—and making our arrangements at nine o'clock, we surprised and captured them all, and marched them about two miles, to a cane-break, on a small river, where we kept them throughout the night and the next day. During the day, while holding a con-

versation with the prisoners, Orton discovered they had belonged to a party of rebel ruffians who had murdered his brother. The moment he discovered it to be the persons concerned with the murder, he drew his revolver, and, before I could reach him, he had passed them from time to time. He had drawn by degrees from them, a confession of being with and accessory to the party who had committed the bloody deed of hanging his brother to extort from him the place of concealment of himself—and so deep and sudden was his revenge, there was left none to linger in suspense with the heinous crime of murder torturing them the remainder of their lives. We had previously, however, learned from them, much of the situation of affairs in the Gap.

We then went to the top of the mountain, and watched the roads until night. After dark awhile we concluded to have a little adventure, and passing round the pickets we proceeded to a grove, near a number of large tents, which we supposed to be the headquarters of the rebel commander. In our route we passed several straggling rebels who paid no attention to us. Unlucky two splendid mules from the trees to which they were tied, we led them out without molestation, the way we went in. The next morning we were again on the waters of Clear Fork, but at a different point from that which had witnessed our escape from the guard. Here we made out our report, and forwarded it to Major Spears, commanding at Flat Lick. We found at the Gap five regiments of rebels—amounting to about 2,500 men.

We again received orders to proceed to Briarfield Gap, and ascertain the strength of the enemy at that point, as there was to be a simultaneous attack by the Union forces on all the strongholds of the enemy.

After climbing innumerable mountains and rafting streams which had swollen to twice their usual size, and suffering much from the intense cold, we reached the residence of Mr. James Howard, in Harlan county, Kentucky, where we learned that the rebels had killed several Union men on the day we arrived in that immediate neighborhood. This was unpleasant news—and we found ourselves in the very midst of the most vicious rebel desperadoes. It was Slimp's company—my old enemies—with whom I, on former occasions had several rough skirmishes. This intelligence placed me upon my guard. It was said that the woods in that neighborhood were full of them—and that they were murdering and robbing every Union man they could find. Our friend Howard, advised, and entreated us, not to proceed any farther, as we would be hazarding our lives to a reckless extent. But Orton insisted we should proceed to execute our mission, regardless of circumstances. He was a man of headstrong proclivities—one who, when he had undertaken to do anything he would go through with it though death might stare him in the face; there was not enough of discrete caution about him to make him a safe companion on such an errand as ours. I frequently remonstrated with him in his persistent course—but all to no purpose. I, too, had some pride of bravery and daring, and felt that Orton should not be my superior, and finally succumbed to his "onward movement" entreaties.

We proceeded on our journey, but I kept a close lookout to prevent surprise, and taking such by-paths as were not traveled—and very frequently, through the trackless forest.

While making our way up a ravine in the mountains, we came full upon a rebel picket who ordered us to surrender immediately levelling his gun upon us, halted us. I told my friend in a low voice to surrender, which he did. The picket approached us, and told us we must march off to camp, before him. But he had approached too near us for a sensible being—and before he had time to utter another word, Orton being a man of most powerful physical strength had seized him by the throat, and the next instant I held the muzzle of his own gun at his breast. We told him if he uttered one sound he would pay the forfeit with his life. But he took great care to obey, thinking perhaps, that "discretion was the better part of valor." We took him to a thicket of Olive bushes and secreted ourselves in a small sink.

"Now," said I, to Mr. Johnny, "I want you to tell us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and remember that we know some little about you, and if you state a falsehood to us, you may rest assured you will never get beyond this olive hedge. First—have you any scouts in this neighborhood?—if so how many?"

Johnny replied, "there were three besides himself, who crossed the creek, whom I left a few hundred yards beyond where you captured me."

"How many rebels are in the Gap?"

"There is but one company consisting of about fifty men."

"Where is your picket post?"

"About half a mile on the road we left."

"What are they armed with?"

"Old U. S. Muskets."

"Are they brave men—men who will fight?"

"I cannot tell, because I have never saw them tried. I do not think that any of them have ever been in an engagement."

"Who is your commander?"

"Captain Hale."

"Where is he?"

"He was at a house in the valley, when I last heard from him. I do not know the people who reside at the house."

"Have you any cannon?"

"None whatever. We were placed here

to watch the Gap, and to prevent renegades from getting through."

This was all the information I got from him of consequence. But Orton pursued the interrogation somewhat farther.

"Did you ever capture any renegade?" as he asked this question, Orton gave him a look so searching that he trembled from head to foot.

"Yes sir, a great many."

"What did you do with them?"

"We had orders to shoot them."

"And you carried out the orders?"

"Yes."

At this stage of the conversation, Orton became furious, and seizing the gun of the rebel, ordered him to march down to the lower end of the thicket, where they were lost from view. When Orton returned he remarked that that rebel had shot down his last renegade.

We now moved up the mountain nearer the Gap. We had scarcely reached a point of four hundred yards, when a squad of nine rebels passed over the very spot we had left. We were afraid they had suspected something and were on our track. But they kept straight forward till out of sight.

We now looked up a secure hiding place and there remained till night set in.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**THE SEQUEL.**—Our readers have all heard the story of soaping the clergyman's tin horn at a camp meeting so that when he went to call the congregation together he blew the "soft soap" over his brother clergyman, and how he exclaimed:

"Brethren, I have served the Lord thirty years, and in this time never uttered a profane word, but I'll be darned if I can't whip the man that soaped that horn."

Our readers, we say, have all heard this, but have, perhaps, never heard the sequel as given to us by a gentleman present.

Some two days after, a tall swarthy villainous looking desperado strolled on the ground and leaned against a tree, listening to an eloquent exhortation to repent, which was made by the preachers. After awhile he became interested, finally affected and then taking a position on the anxious seat, commenced groaning in "the very bitterness" of his sorrow. The clergyman walked down and attempted to console him. No consolation—he was too wicked—there was no mercy for him.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" said the preacher, "have you stolen?"

"Oh, worse than that."

"What, have you by violence robbed female innocence of its virtue?"

"Worse than that!—Oh, worse than that!"

"Murder?" gasped the horrified minister.

"Worse than that," groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited minister commenced "peeling off" his outer garments.

"Here, Brother Cole," he shouted, "hold my coat. I've found the fellow that soaped my horn."

**Letter from Gen. Scott.**  
New York August 16, 1865.

To the Editor of the Herald.—In the Herald of the 15th inst. (yesterday), it is said, "Lieut. Gen. Scott then at the head of the United States Army, had written a letter to Mr. Seward, dated March 3, 1861, clearly intimating that in his opinion the better policy was to let the erring sisters (seceding States) depart in peace."

This is a misapprehension. In that letter—declared, on its face, to be supplementary to one of the preceding October, addressed to President Buchanan—Gen. Scott suggested four methods of dealing with secession, of which that quoted by the Herald is the last. The reduction of the seceded States by arms was his third measure, the first and second indicated in his two letters addressed to Messrs. Buchanan and Seward respectively having failed. These were, to reinforce all the defenses of the Southern ports with troops, sloops-of-war and revenue cutters; to permit all exports to pass free, and also all imports, except materials of war and dutiable articles, making the collections on the latter below the cities, to avoid conflicts.

W. S.

A beautiful young lady sprang her foot last week, on the top of Mount Monadnock, "badly luxating the joint and splitting off the internal condyle of the tibia," at least the Boston Transcript says so, and she was carried down on the backs of eight strong men. She must have been "a whale," to take eight strong men to carry her.

Maine voted yesterday for Governor and other officers. She went heavily Republican of course. Details of the returns are as yet incomplete, but they are quite sufficient to indicate the general result; seventy-three towns gave Cony 17,246 against Howard 6,815; same time last year, Cony 22,510, Howard 15,879. Republican majority last year 19,000, in a vote of 112,000; this year probably 25,000, in a vote of 75,000. That will do.

## TO THE INDEPENDENT UNION VOTERS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Gentlemen:—In coming before you as a candidate to represent you in the lower branch of the next Legislature of Tennessee, I do so at the urgent solicitation of many noble and esteemed Unionists—those true men of our country who have never yet quailed before the simoom of rebellion, but who have stood as landmarks while the flames grew bright and the fires of persecution raged with their severest intensity—and, in yielding to their requests, I do so with a full sense of the great responsibilities which, in the instance of being your choice, may rest upon me. I know full well that if ever there was a time in the history of our country when we needed tried men to stand up in our Representative halls to maintain and plead for our interests, that time has now come.

I shall not make you vain and blustering promises of what I will endeavor to do for you in the event of my election, but shall merely say that, so far as lie with my power, I will do all that could be reasonably expected, under the circumstances.

It is not necessary to tell you my position and politics. I think it not egotism, but feel proud to say I have demonstrated these facts at the point of the bayonet in the hands of the enemies of our beloved East Tennessee and our glorious country. I feel proud to say I was a soldier of the United States. My sentiments were national—from my infancy I have been taught to love and revere the doctrine of Union and Constitutional Liberty, was always opposed to the negro-ocracy class—the class which has germinated the elements of ruin and of death—and I happily pray that my last efforts in this life may be devoted to the good, the prosperity and the happiness of this great land of liberty, and under the sacred banner erected by our forefathers, for which they freely poured out their blood and gave up their treasure, as many of you have nobly done in the last four years.

Should it be your pleasure to elect me, fellow citizens, the first and greatest question which shall engage my attention, will be that of Education. Upon this subject I may be considered an enthusiast. But the importance attaching thereto should demand the most serious consideration and zeal of our law-making and public representatives. In my humble judgment, there is no question which is of greater or more vital interest to our country. In the palmiest days of our State our system of education was never what it ought to have been. Let us look at the Northern States of our Union, and behold the contrast! For instance, take a regiment of soldiers from a Northern State, and, as a general rule, you will find that at least nine-tenths of the members can read and write. Take one of our Tennessee regiments, and behold how and has been the neglect of men who have heretofore had the control and management of our State affairs. The "Torchship System" of education in the North has worked wonders in the diffusion of useful knowledge among the masses. Here, we have been ground down by the heel of a petty aristocracy, who cared not for the common people. But, thanks to a benign Providence, the day of their destiny is over; and, to-day, the eagle of liberty perches upon the banner of a free and independent Republic. Now can we begin to lift our eyes and behold, through the glorious sun-light of God's blessings, the handwriting on the wall—"Progress—Refinement—Elevation—Liberty—Success." Fellow-citizens, above all things else, we need the intellectual and moral training of our youth, which, for four dreadful years of bloodshed and carnage have been almost entirely neglected. The condition of our country, in this respect, is a stigma upon our fair name as a people—a people whose loyalty has been that of undying devotion.

The next question which demands our earnest consideration is the remuneration of our loyal people for their lost property—they should be compensated for all their losses entailed by the Union army, and there must be an advocate for the people in this respect—one who will stand up firmly and squarely forever dollar which is justly due them.—There is no people in these United States who are more devoted to the Union cause than East Tennesseans, hence there are none who are more deserving. Then let them have their just rights—a full and fair compensation for all property made use of by the United States army.

Another subject, and one by no means of little moment—is that of Taxation. Can our people, in their present destitute and helpless condition, stand the heavy burden that is upon them? I, for one, think not—and believe that East Tennessee should have this burden lightened. It must be done, or our people will become bankrupt.

There are other questions pertaining to State and National policy which should receive due attention—and of them I say the same as I have said of the questions mentioned above.

To this end, gentlemen, will I labor, with all the energy and ability which I humbly possess.

Let "ONWARD AND UPWARD" be our motto, until our shall eclipse the nations of earth in all that pertains to greatness, advancement in the arts and sciences, and the culmination of every good and noble work—until the sun shall not set upon a mightier, a more progressive and a happier or more contented people. Ours is a destiny of unparalleled success and attainment—of sublimity and grandeur—of glory and renown.

Should I be your choice, gentlemen, as your

Representative, you may rest assured that the publication of the "Union Flag" newspaper, which has been so successfully established by myself, and supported by your devoted generosity, will not cease to advocate the principles of Union construction and Rebel destruction.

"Till the last armed foe expires," It shall continue to wave over our beloved East Tennessee as long as there is an arm to uphold or a dollar to keep it floating, and every rippling wave in the sunlight of our national galaxy, and every starry gem added to her glittering diadem shall be engraven upon it—"in thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

With such sentiments as these, my fellow-citizens, I am a candidate to represent you in the next term of your Legislature, and will remain a candidate till the close of the election; and should I be your choice, you have my grateful acknowledgments for your kind appreciation of my humble merits.

I am, gentlemen,  
Your friend in the sacred bonds of  
Union and Liberty,  
GEO. EDGAR GRISHAM.

Election on 12th., October, 1865.

**SHERIDAN'S MODE OF FIGHTING.**—Every master of battle tactics has a favorite mode of fighting, varied of course by circumstances, and especially by the wary dispositions of the enemy. A study of Sheridan's campaigns will, we think, disclose the peculiarity of him very readily. His success has been most brilliant—the secret of it is very simple. In the first place, as we are told by an enthusiastic private, just home from the wars.

Phil. Sheridan fights to win." Other Generals manoeuvre, and try to outwit the enemy—to excel in defensive battle; the offensive of such is always weak. Sheridan is always on the offensive. We do not now speak of Sheridan's raids, which, although conducted in the most masterly manner, are subordinate in character to other plans, and usually seek to elude the enemy. But no, in his grand tactics, as displayed at Winchester, Cedar Creek and Five Forks, we observe a principle which finds its expression in the following order of attack: He organized his army into three divisions—two strong parallel columns of attack, thrown with the fiercest impetuosity upon the enemy, and a reserve in rear. When the battle rages in front, so that his foe is fully engaged, his reserve, moving by the flank, usually the right, makes a double file around upon the flank and rear of the earnestly employed enemy, and rolls him up on the centre. Just such were the tactics of Desaix and Kellerman at Marengo. The former moved his six thousand infantry, by the main road, upon Gen. Zach's triumphant advance from Alexandria, while the latter, moving by the right, made a double left turn upon Napoleon's Austrian horse, and won the day. Sherman's invincible success, then, has been due to the great earnestness and valor with which he always imbues his troops, and then to his tactics of two columns and a flanking reserve.—U. S. Service Magazine.

The Philadelphia Press says: "Nothing shows the complete collapse of the so-called Democracy more conclusively than the late elections in Maine and Vermont. Though in the first, a strong bid was made for popular support, by loud resolutions in praise of President Johnson, they are beaten worse than ever. Theirs is, indeed, a cruel fate. If they support President Johnson, they lose all the bitter and angular sympathizers with treason; if they oppose him, they lose the sound Democrats, who love the man, and regard his remedy as the sure panacea for the nation's woes.

Pithole, the great oil city in Pennsylvania, was thus named in consequence of an extraordinary pit or cavern that exists about three miles from the city. In this pit stones are thrown, but they are never heard to drop. Its depth has not yet been fathomed.

A young lady in Newport, R. I., who had been courted and deserted, recently prosecuted the faithless object of her affections, receiving \$1000 damages, but not content with this, upon encountering the young man on the street, a short time afterwards, she administered to him a severe cowhiding. She was arrested for the assault, fined ten dollars and ordered to leave the city to avoid further collision.

Maj. Gen. Rousseau addressed a note to the three conservative members of Congress elect from Tennessee, Messrs. Campbell, Thomas and Cooper, asking their views on the important questions of the day. A letter from those gentlemen in reply is published, in which they unequivocally endorse the administration of President Johnson, so far as his policy has been developed. They also declare the acts of the late Legislature valid and binding.

## Bank Note Quotations.

[From the Nashville Dispatch.]

PAR FUNDS.

United States Treasury Notes.

National Bank Notes.

Bank of the Union, Nashville, Tenn.

Buck's Bank.

UNCURRENT.

Bank of Tennessee.

Planters' Bank.

Union Bank.

City Bank, Nashville.

Bank of Nashville.

Bank of Middle Tenn., Lebanon.

Shelbyville Bank.

Merchants' Bank.

Traders' Bank.

Bank of Commerce.

Bank of Paris.

Bank of Chattanooga.

Bank of Memphis.

Commercial Bank.

Southern Bank.

Oceano Bank.

Bank of West Tennessee.

Northern Bank of Tennessee.

Georgia—

Central Railroad.

Marine Bank.

Middle Georgia.

Geo. R. Bond and Bank Co.

Bank of Savannah.

Other Georgia Banks.

South Carolina.

North Carolina and Virginia.

Alabama.

Kentucky Banks.

State Bank of Ohio.

State Bank of Indiana.

15a20

28a49

43a50

25

23a30

65a75

65a75

30a35

20a35

30a40

29a25

15

15a25

15

10a15

25

15a25

75a50

50a25

30a35

30a35

40a45

20

15

15

15

95

95

35

GENERAL EWELL.—A dispatch from Washington, of the 4th inst., says:

The rebel General Ewell, is living quite secluded at a second class hotel here, patiently awaiting pardon. On Friday he declined an invitation to a dinner party given in his honor by some of the resident rebels. Upon being asked next day why he was not present, he made the curt reply, "Well I get enough at my hotel, and then I don't care to feast with those who were too cowardly to fight with me."

Good for the General; he has a proper appreciation of the stay-at-home patriots, who are now the authors of the greater part of the troubles the Southern people are experiencing.

Gen. Joe Johnson, having been defeated for the Presidency of the Danville Railroad, is about to assume charge, it is stated, of one of the most important railroads in Alabama.

The Parkersburg, W. Va., Gazette, of Monday, says: We learn that "Mudwall" Jackson made his appearance on Monday at St. Mary's W. Va., and in consequence thereof a riot occurred, resulting in the death of one man and the injury of others. It seems the people undertook to drive him from the place. The particulars we have not learned. It is rumored that Jackson was killed last night.

G. St. Leger Grenfell, the Camp Douglas conspirator of a year ago, who was sentenced by military commission to be hung, passed through Cleveland last Friday under guard, en route for the Dry Tortugas, where he is to spend the rest of his days at hard labor, in lieu of having his neck stretched. He is an Englishman of good birth and family, a man about fifty years of age, and wears quite a genteel aspect. The Cleveland Leader says that when he was taken out of the Columbus penitentiary he was much agitated, supposing he was being led forth to execution. When assured that his sentence had been commuted, he was infinitely relieved.

Roger A. Pryor is among the penitent pardon seekers at Washington now. He says he is in favor of negro suffrage.

A communication from Gen. Fry to the Governor states that Wisconsin has furnished 96,000 troops to the Federal Government, whose terms of service vary from three months to three years. This is about every other one of the arms-bearing population of the State.

Charles H. Peck, summoned on the grand jury at St. Louis, declined to serve on the ground that he could not conscientiously find an indictment against ministers for not taking the oath. The court gave him the option of serving or going to jail. He decided to serve.

The trial of the Wirz Commission was principally occupied yesterday by a verbal wrangle between Mr. Baker, counsel for the prisoner, and Judge-Advocate Chipman. More witnesses for the defense were demanded, and Gen. Wilson and a few others examined.

It is but little known that the first anti-slavery paper started in the United States was published in East Tennessee. It was called the Emancipator, and published at Greenville, the home of President Johnson, by Benjamin F. Lundy, a friend in religious faith, and a native of Belmont county, Ohio. It was conducted, we have been told, with considerable ability.

A Cairo, Ill., paper says that at the hanging of two negroes in that city, "every thing passed off most pleasantly."